

C

D25Qd

v.1, no.1

1886

DARTMOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY.

BY THE
STUDENTS

LB.1



THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

AN ASCENT IN THE HIGH ALPS,	<i>A. S. Hardy.</i>	1
A SUMMER DAY,	<i>Gwen.</i>	9
YE LOVE OF A DAYE,	<i>F.</i>	9
THE EVILS OF THE RENAISSANCE,		13
PROTECTION,		19
AN ERRAND OF DUTY,		20
A FRAGMENT,		26
DOES GENIUS LACK JUDGMENT?		27
THE CHAIR,		31
THE MAIL BAG,		36
BY THE WAY,		38
BOOK REVIEWS,		42
EXCHANGES,		44
FACT AND FANCY,		45
ALUMNI NOTES,		46

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature. To better attain this end, prizes are offered, first, of \$20, second, of \$15, for the two best articles contributed to our columns, competition open to all members of the college, and all articles to be submitted before March 25, 1887.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, and also in the assignment of prizes, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

In accordance with college custom, the magazine will be sent to each student. Those wishing to discontinue it will please notify the business manager.

Terms, \$2 per year; single copies, 25 cents. On sale at the Dartmouth bookstore.

All communications, business or otherwise, should be addressed to

S. E. JUNKINS,
Business Manager.

THE

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 1.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

W. D. QUINT.

J. C. SIMPSON.

D. L. LAWRENCE.

A. J. THOMAS.*

W. F. GREGORY.

H. J. STEVENS.

S. E. JUNKINS, BUSINESS MANAGER.

*Deceased.

AN ASCENT IN THE HIGH ALPS.

We left Pontresina in the late afternoon for the Boval Hütte, where we were to pass the night. As we drove out from the upper village, the Piz Palü, rising to a point of dazzling brilliancy, flushed faintly over the shoulder of the Chalchagn. Not a rock scars the virgin purity of this peak, over whose stainless white *arête*, which forms a part of the boundary line of Switzerland, floats nightly an Italian atmosphere with all its chromatic splendors. A half-hour's drive on the Bernina route brought us to the road branching off to the Morteratsch glacier, and a short walk led to the "snout" of the ice-river.

The light is visibly waning as we take up the line of march along the easy path which skirts the glacier on the declivity of the Piz Chalchagn. To one not practically convinced by previous experience that "haste makes waste" on such excursions, the monotonous gait of the guide seems painfully slow. There is an apparent lifelessness in it, as in the lazy stroke of the fisherman's oar; but behind this we are not long in discovering the agility and reserve power of the practised mountaineer. The path dips at times to the glacier floor, where it winds in the narrow ravine between the side of the mountain flanking the valley and that of the glacier itself. Seen from above, the latter declivity is so strewn with dirt and fragments of stone that but for the view

obtained from the higher portions of the path it might be mistaken for an ordinary slope of gravel. The view referred to is particularly grand, extending the entire length of the ice-stream, from its fall under the precipices of the Bernina to its terminus among the pines of the valley. The glacier surface is comparatively safe and smooth, although in places, especially on the opposite side beyond the medial moraine, a jagged outline indicates the crevasses which, in 1864, prevented Tyndall from extending his stake lines across its entire width. At the upper extremity, near the influx of the Pers glacier, the medial moraine is a narrow strip which, however, slowly widens till it wholly covers the terminus. Tyndall's observations disclosed a maximum motion of 56, 45, and 30 inches in 100 hours at the centres of three transverse sections, the velocity increasing with the distance of the section from the terminal moraine. A stone on the highest section was thus seen to approach one on the lowest at the rate of 26 inches per 100 hours. These measurements established the fact that the moraine "is in a state of longitudinal compression. Its materials are more and more squeezed together, and they must consequently move laterally, and render the moraine at the terminal portion of the glacier wider than above."

For two hours we follow the edge of this mighty ice-stream, a great erosive tool of nature, nearly a mile in width and five in length, flanked by the sombre slopes of the Munt Pers and the Chalchagn, its sources among the great peaks at the head of the valley. The starting-point for the ascent of the latter is the Boval Hütte, maintained by the Swiss Alpine Club, where shortly after our arrival the second guide joins us. This hut is about two thirds the distance from the lower end of the glacier to the ice-fall, at the foot of the Piz Morteratsch. It was while descending this latter peak that Tyndall, with four others, was caught by an avalanche and carried a vertical distance of 1000 feet down a *couloir* towards the Morteratsch glacier. Our elder guide turned up his nose at this mountain. Possibly we should not have shared his disrespect for its masses of overshadowing rock, had we known, at the time, of the above accident. It must be remembered, however, that

Tyndall's guide might have taken a safer route on the rocks, and ought not to have attempted the ice-slope at so late an hour of the day. The solemn beauty of the night scene from the door of the Boval Hütte taxes description. On the right, overlooking us, the ragged precipices of the Morteratsch nearly conceal the colossal Bernina. The white pyramid of Crastagüzza rises in faultless symmetry from the curved expanse of snow in the depression between the Piz Bernina and the Piz Zupo. To the left the Bellavista saddle, Palü, and Cambrena complete the giant arc of mountains, their outlines clear-cut on the bosom of the night. Into the shadows below flow the great ice rivers without a sound. The trickling of water, once the shrill cry of a marmot, and at long intervals the thunder of ice falling from the buttresses of the Bernina, alone break the silence. But we are soon asleep, wrapped in our blankets, unresponsive to all but physical conditions, and careless even of some of these—for the best of guides is human, and a prey to ignoble but animated being. Looking back now upon that smoky hut, it does not seem as if a brewing soup, a volume of the *Fliegende Blätter*, a guide's story, or even the invitation of blessed sleep itself, could a second time keep us from that door and its splendid vista. When we revisit that spot, we shall stand sentinel there through the night and watch the snow towers for tokens of day, saying to the soul, Enjoy! Enjoy! But the soul is never full at the right moment; and only long after, when memory can wake its legions from their enchanted slumber, and imagination ennoble the past with its creations, do we realize what mighty moments we have lived.

The guides, who are brothers, rouse us at half-past one, and shortly after we are picking our way over the *débris* of rock separating the hut from the glacier. The morning light has not yet appeared, when, after an hour of rough scrambling, we climb the side slope of the glacier to its upper surface. By keeping well to the edge of the lateral moraine, over the merciless shingle at the base of which we have been toiling, we find this surface relatively smooth, veined only by superficial fissures which later in the day become water-rills, and intersected by a few deeper cracks

revealing the green ice beneath the milky crust. These are, however, easily passed or avoided. Although prone from previous experience to over-estimate distances to what seems near, our factor of allowance is once more too small, and a long hour of rapid walking passes before we reach the foot of the ice-fall. Meanwhile the lynx eye of our leader has been examining the way ahead with a view to a new route, which, if practicable, will shorten the time of ascent nearly two hours. After a brief council the guides decide in favor of the direct route, and, so far as its practicability is concerned, their judgment proves correct; but the difficulties encountered in the labyrinth of the ice-fall more than offset the greater distance of the more circuitous approach under the Bellavista saddle, and lose us the time we had thought to gain.

The vast mass of snow falling above the snow line and collecting in the depression between the Bernina and Zupo, forms the *névé* of the Morteratsch glacier. Caught in the throat of the lateral buttresses of these peaks, at once compressed and urged forward by its own weight, it is broken in its fall into transverse walls, separated by irregular chasms. Thus split across, its detached walls are again broken by longitudinal fissures, forming a true labyrinth of ice pinnacles and towers. At its lower end this mighty cascade is separated by a jagged projection of rock, the *Isla Persa*, from the ice-fall of the *Pers* glacier, below which the two, uniting in a succession of sharp-crested ice-waves, flow together down the valley. Here we are fastened to the rope, and our difficulties begin. Often convinced that retreat is unavoidable, yet the obstacle is always surmounted,—now by a snow-bridge so thin that the handle of the ice-pick passes clean through into the chasm whose gloom forbids any estimate of depth; now by a long *détour* on an ice-wall with crevasses on either side; or by a sharp turn round a projecting shoulder, where, with outstretched hands, glued to the ice-face, like St. Laurence on his gridiron, the eye sees the deep behind us and the narrow ledge to which our feet cling as distinctly as if it were in the back of the head. Now and then only a bit of easy going leaves the vision free to wander, and then the wondrous forms and colors of this ice architecture call out an exclamation,

and we are suddenly aware of our dizzy height, and of morning creeping down the slopes, driving the shadows into the valley and blotting out the stars. To the bewildering variety of this part of the ascent corresponds a like variety of experience whose details have at this date faded from memory. From the Boval Hütte the ice-fall looks as smooth as a lawn: in its mazes we are as insects picking their way laboriously in a forest of tall grasses. One spot, however, is not easily forgotten. A vertical wall of ice faces us—between it and the place where we stand a profound chasm, ten feet wide, across which runs a narrow detached wall abutting against the perpendicular face of green ice. Our leader advances cautiously to the middle of the wall: the slack of the rope is exhausted, and I must follow. Arrived at the opposite barrier, his pick barely reaches the upper edge. A sense of criminal folly, keener than is possible for my non-Benedict companion, overcomes me, as I stand balanced like a rope-walker on the slippery partition, scarcely a foot wide. A step cut in the wall face, a notch in the crest for the hand, a firm blow which settles the pick well into the crust above, and the guide is on the edge, the rope tightens, and I am swung up. The confusion of caverns and chasms, now altogether wrapped in gloom, now lit up by an enfiling slant of sunlight; of towering bastions under which we walk with held breath, the thunder of the fall of one such still in our ears; of jutting masses, resembling the bone of some enormous cuttle-fish, up which we cut our way by steps to the edge along which we walk,—all this chaos of forms, ever shifting under the mighty forces which produced them, renders a consecutive account of the three hours their passage cost us impossible. Our general direction crosses the ice-fall diagonally to escape the avalanches whose pathway lies nearer the side from which we had started. Shooting over the precipices of the Bernina, the crash of their shock on the glacier below is heard at intervals, but we are too deeply engaged in the labyrinth to see them. At last our difficulties lessen;—we are more at the top and less at the bottom of the ice-jungle, our rise is more uniform, unbroken spaces of snow which become gradually wider lie between the crevasses, and we gain

the *névé*. At this stage the peril is the more real because the less obvious. Up to this point danger could be weighed, for decisions were not made on hypotheses, and difficulties were not hidden. Here the black depth of the crevasse is covered with snow of sparkling brilliancy, and the safety of the snow-bridges can be determined only by testing them. Ready to arrest his fall in case of need, we watch our leader as he crosses on all fours. Once safely over, he plants himself firmly on the farther side, and says, "Now, softly!"

On gaining the *névé* three hours still separated us from the summit; but although the foot sank at times deep in the snow, progress was rapid over its gentle slopes, and the *bergschrund*—the last crevasse between the snow-field and the layer adhering to the rock-wall leading to the *arête*—was passed at a point where the chasm had been partially filled by the masses which had fallen away from the higher face.

The last and most trying portion of the ascent remained. The Piz Zupo, separated by the *bergschrund* from the *névé* by which we had approached, rises like a cone whose apex has been rounded by the action of the weather. Sheeted with ice on the side we ascend, the farther half of this cone is wanting, as if cut away by a vertical plane through the axis, forming two *arêtes* from which the ice has shrunk away, leaving about a foot of exposed rock. Having cut our way diagonally up the cone slope of over 45° to the *arête* at a point about half way to the summit, we followed the edge on the rock, having the ice slope with the *schrund* at its base on our left, and on our right a vertical precipice extending several thousand feet below the level of the *névé* of the Morteratsch glacier we had left to that of the Fellaria and Palü glaciers on the Italian side. The fragments from the pick slid away from under our feet down the slippery incline, to disappear in the *schrund* with a suggestive rapidity. The wind was extremely sharp, as the frost-bitten feet of my companion, not so well protected as my own, testified, and it drove the crystal dust fiercely in our faces. The time consumed in cutting the steps increased the strain on the nerves due to our precarious situation. For this reason the *arête*

itself, though extremely narrow, falling away to the smooth slope across which we had ascended on the one side, and by a sheer rock wall between three and four thousand feet high to the glaciers on the other, was less trying, constantly occupied as we were in finding sure footing. The stones which composed it were surprisingly loose and friable: each had to be tested before dependence could be placed upon it, and the pitch was so great that to go on all fours was virtually to maintain an erect posture. From the summit we descried four black specks descending the long *arête* of the Bernina,—two gentlemen, with guides, from the Italian side. The Italian guide does not stand high in the estimation of the Swiss mountaineer, and the creeping attitudes of our neighbors, plainly seen through the glass, called out a jeering remark from the younger brother. The uncertainty of the manner in which I should retrace my own steps forbade any criticism on my part.

It was ten o'clock when we seated ourselves on the summit, stretched along in Indian file over its knife-edge crest, and thus hidden in part from each other. The guide at my end of the rope invited me to share with him the sunny side of a rock, but it was some time before even a numbed foot could induce me to move. Not yet adjusted to the heights and distances before it, the eye looked away timidly from its immediate surroundings, and a sort of paralysis chained every member. To the east, and northward round to the west, the horizon was cloudless. From the Adamello, past the snowy shoulder of Monte Cristallo and the huge Ortler overhanging the Stelvio pass, the Wildspitz and Weisspitz in the Tyrol, the solitary white Tödi, the giant Finsteraarhorn of the Oberland group, to Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, the mountain outlines stood out in an atmosphere of wonderful transparency; while immediately about us the great peaks of the Engadine snow region seemed within reach of the hand, the Bernina alone overtopping us by scarce 160 feet. Southward, a very forest of vapor columns rose from the plains of Italy, uniting above to spread like one vast curtain over the entire southern horizon. Now and then a summit emerged from this cloud sea, and between its rifts the depth of the green valleys seemed altogether measureless.

This effect is especially striking from the higher peaks of the Bernina range, for the altitude of the Engadine on the one side (Pontresina being at an elevation greater than that of the Rigi summit) seems to sink the gorges on the other thousands of feet below it, as indeed they are.

The descent looks more formidable than it really is. We followed the *arête* clear to the snow, avoiding altogether the ice slope, from which the snow patches were beginning to loosen in the sun. At its southern end we found the *schrund* closed, and were soon on the *névé*, where a knapsack of provisions had been left on the ascent. Concentrated in a single battery, a dozen bottles presented a formidable appearance on the eve of our departure, but before reaching the Boval Hütte the second time they had all been vanquished, on the basis of Napoleon's maxim—in detail. The younger brother led on the descent. Possibly he was as cautious as his senior; possibly the rapidity of his decisions was due to freedom from a stiffness in the mechanism of judgment which belongs to age, and not to lack of prudence. However this may be, the query from the other end of the rope at some trying spot was often an anxious one; and on more than one occasion to the question, Can we pass? the reply came, We must!—and in some way or other the difficulty vanished with the answer. Leaving the summit at half after eleven, the Boval Hütte was reached at four, and at seven we were at *table d'hôte* at Pontresina.

Cui bono? Well, in this life worth means cost. If the head is not steady, the footing sure, or the nerve good; if a numbed foot, a snowburnt face, a little toil, is too much to pay; if, in short, we are too poor to buy such experiences without risk of bankruptcy, folly is the word for them. Danger is a relative term. The rock and the ice are as merciless as gravity, but to a good guide there are no risks he may not avoid, none he must perforce assume—except that of sometimes being tied to a fool.

A. S. Hardy.

A SUMMER DAY.

The quivering air is filled with heat ;
 All is silent as a dream
 Save the murmur of a stream,
 Save the locusts' far off scream,
 And drowsy crickets at my feet.

Oh ! lead me to some deep, dark glen,
 Where the morning dew yet clings,
 Where the matin bird yet sings,
 And each cooling zephyr brings
 Wild odors of the mossy fen.

What sweeter task, then, could there be,
 On this drowsy summer day,
 From all trouble far away,
 Than to list the wood-bird's lay,
 And dream, my love, bright dreams of thee?

—*Gwen.*

YE LOVE OF A DAYE.

Hampsteade, Midnight.

Y^e 20th Aug^{te}.

Deare & Trustie Jno.,—

Y^t She is y^e fayrest of all Maydes I mak
 Speede to putte downe on Papyre & y^t sholde— ¶
 But Nay—y^{is} is not y^e Manner in w^{ch} to indite a fittinge Epistle,
 neyther to beginn to adde to y^e Storie of all Love y^e Historie of
 myne Owne.—For since, my Jno., itt hath pleas'd Thee manie
 tymes to rec. f^m me my unreasoninge Vagaryes, so nowe agayn,
 I prythee, peruse y^{is} One w^{ch} altho' itt be more unreasoninge thⁿ
 all, I hope maye not seeme tedjous to Thy Readinge.— ¶
 Y^e Followinge is y^e Manner of my Storie. Yesterdaie at noone

I recd a Summons to a Lawne Partie of y^e Orthodox Churche on y^e Groundes of Dea. Mattson. Y^{is} Invitation was presented by y^e Dea. himselfe, He addinge w. it y^t I was to come Earlie. To all w^{ch} I moste gladlie assented, beinge forsoothe somew^t weari'd by y^e continuall Societie of y^e Mayden Ladie w. wh^m I am Boarded. I have longe desir'd also to mingle more am^g these goode People. Th^{fore} I helde Councill w. y^e Mayden Ladie concerninge y^e manner of Behaviour at suche Gatheringes & ye Station of y^{se} who do meete y^{re}. She made answer y^t y^e Assemblage was of all Ages, y^t y^e Younger play'd divers Rustick Games & y^e Older spent y^e Tyme in Converse—& also y^t y^e People mostlie brought y^r owne Provision.— ¶

Altho' itt was not my Designe gretelie to enter into y^{se} Festivities, I did y^{is} Afternoone spende muche Labour on my Toilett—puttinge on my Pr. Albert Coate, Patent Lether Pumps &—to crowne all—my plugge Hatt. Beinge y^{us} address'd & havinge absorb'd some Nourishm^t preparatorie to y^t w^{ch} sh^d come after, at abt vi o'clocke I sett out for my Destination, beinge oblig'd to my Sorrowe to leave y^e Mayden Ladie behinde, on acct of a Payne in her Teethe. Proceedinge to y^e Dea.'s—w^{ch} was on y^e principall St.—I hearde afar Laughter & Shoutinge, & before I had allow'd my Courage tyme to flagge I recd y^e heartie Greetinges of y^e worthie Dea. and his Ladie. I was straightwaye presented to M^{rses} Winshippe, Chace, Pratte, Goodall & Others & havinge spoken brieflie w. Each I seated myselfe to view y^e Scene. ¶

Upon y^e Lawne were plac'd manie Chayres & other Seates, including ii Hammockes, & on y^e further side was sett out y^t Game w^{ch} is call'd Croquet.—It seem'd onlie y^e older Ladyes & little Children came at y^{is} earlie Houre, w^{le} y^e Generall Assemblie was later. Y^{is} Reflexion caus'd me some Mental Upbraidinge at y^t Moment, butt since my onlie Thought has been of Joie th^{at}.—I soone notic'd y^t—tired w. th^r Playe—y^e Children had seated themselves not far away aboute a Younge Ladie wh^m I had not before observ'd.—For havinge a fayre Complexion & bright Eyes I did not Distinguish Her at ist f^m y^e Children.—I nowe Casuallie glanc'd at Her. Methought Her Cheekes had a faynter but fayrer

Tint thⁿ y^t of y^e Sunsett Cloudes just fadinge to Whyte in y^e Westerne Skye. Her Eyes—tho' I cd. not mak Oathe to itt—had in them y^e stille Depthes of a Lake, & Her Lippes were a Rose Redd Blossom—& oh, so sweete were They! As She sported & talk'd w. y^e Children I coude not believe She was not One of them, & ev'ry nowe & then I hearde y^e sweete Cadences of Her Laugh, fallinge lyke silvern Water Dropes.— ¶

In y^{is} waye sittinge for some Tyme I desir'd no better Enjoiem^t, altho' y^e hospitable Dea. was for continuallie presentinge me to some Person or Other & desiringe to hale me awaye am^g y^e Matrons.—Soone came runninge upp to Her a little Lass, bringinge Her an Handfull of Dayesies, w^{ch} She did rec. smilingie & puttinge up ii of ye roundest Arms I ever spyed plac'd iii or iv in Her darke Haire & y^e Remainder in Her Girdle.—If all y^{is} Tyme I was gazinge uponn Her lovelie Face, be well Assur'd, Friende Jno., my Glances were of moste respectfull Mien, I not being Able to drawe myne Eyes awaye f^m Her Countenance, but being exceedingly desirous of imprintinge It upon my Memorie. ¶

But all Joie must have its Ende.—Soone there approachinge w. Noyse of Singinge an *Omnibus*, bearing a Load of Friendes f^m a neibouringe Hamlett, She arose, stille surrounded by y^e little Children. Th^{at} f^m y^e 'Buss leapt out a pleasaunt-appearinge Man—æt. abt LX—& goinge towards Her, kiss'd Her. Wh^{up^{on}} I felt muche Choleur, but judging y^t he had y^e Right, I observ'd Her—puttinge Her Arm in his—walke abt., holdinge Converse gaylie. Y^{is}, altho' it depriv'd me of y^e Sole Enjoiem^t in Her Beautie, stille gave me muche greater Oppor^t to observe Her unnotic'd. I nowe sawe y^t She was cladde in a Dress of some thinne whyte Materiall, havinge transparent Sleeves & y^e Neck beinge cutt lowe & fill'd w. Lace. She also wore black Hosen w. lowe shoes.—But y^e laughinge Eyes y^t glanc'd upp in y^e Olde Gent^{l^{ms}} Face added more to Her Loveliness thⁿ wd. all y^e Wardrobe of brave Q. Eliz^{bth}. ¶

Meantyme Duske was cominge on, Those of y^e Younger Sorte were gathering together, & y^e Tables were being sett aboute y^e Lawne, at w^{ch} I was verilie muche pleas'd. At y^{is} Junckture I

became fastened to a Damsell by y^e name of Pease & perceiv'd y^t I muste escorte her to Supper—w^{ch} I was loathe indeede to doe. Yieldinge to my evill Fate I accompanied her to y^e Table, wh. y^e quantitie of Sand Witches & Spunge Cake devour'd by her became simply Frightfull. Now I altogether loste Sight of Her—y^e Transcendent One—, but wh. at Rest f^m attendinge to y^e Needes of y^e Damsell w. wh^m I had y^e Hap to be located, I began to revolve in my Minde y^e manie Sociall and other lovelie Qualities of Her to wh^m my Interest was so largelie given.—An Houre nowe pass'd rather slowlie, but beinge in y^e verie Center of Merriem^t my attention was entirelie absorb'd. Wh^{le} I was standing in y^e midst of what was now a thicklie crowded Assemblie, engaged in planninge for a future Picnick, She did pass by—so near y^t She touch'd me, sendinge a Thrill thro' me lyke y^t produc'd wh. eatinge Ic'd Creame, but more Delicious. She was immediatelie followed by one—a Puppe—who was givinge Her ye beste of his Attentions. ¶

But almoste immediatelie y^{re} was a Crye y^t y^e 'Buss was readie, & goeing toward y^e Gate I saw Her w. y^t pleasant-appearinge Man agayn.—& he, helpinge Her safelie into y^e Carriage, I turned awaye, & makinge my *devoirs* & havinge avoided another possible Collision w. M^{rs}e Pease, wended my Journey homewarde.— ¶

& nowe my Tale beinge completed I fancie Thee, Jno., laughinge in thy Sleeve at Thy Friend & sayeinge howe y^t I was a Foole to mak so muche of y^e mere Sighte of a fayre Mayden, not havinge Gall enough to approache & holde Converse w. Her. Y^{is} Contemplation did for a Season trouble me alsoe, but I nowe reason it y^{is} waye—I have suffer'd all y^e Symptomes of y^e Love-Passion, to witt—Admiration, Ecstacie, Jealousie, Softness of Head, &c.—all in y^e short space of one Evening & have escap'd unscath'd, wh^{le} if I had Adventur'd further I might not have gotten off so easilie. But now w. Pleasure I bear Her sweete Image in my Mind, wishinge Her wh^{ever} She maye be all Happinesse thro' Her Lyfe. ¶ & perchance, Jno., y^t, having discover'd Her name, if I sholde tell Thee y^t She was none other thⁿ Anne Bradleye, thy betrothed Wyfe, Thou wold'st not onlie have Pardon for my Bashfullnesse,

but also rec. w. more Joie y^e Congratulations w^{ch} by means of y^{is} Introduction I do moste Heartilie give Thee at Thy Happinesse & Good Fortune.

Thy Devoted Friende,

Will^m Hapgoode.
—F.

THE EVILS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

During three hundred years causes were at work which at last resulted in the imperial acts of a Constantine, and the shadows of the Roman civic gods, whose real strength in men's minds had been wasting for many ages, passed away, one might have supposed, forever, so decrepit were they from the weight of immemorial years. Rome had fulfilled her first millennium, and now entered upon a second in a new Rome under the auspices of a new religion. And again, when her term of years was complete, Rome saw another revolution, and passed into the hands of the infidel Turanian. Not now heathen gods, but Christian men, had to flee, bearing with them the seed of that learning which the West called new, but which is the oldest Europe has ever known. The descent of this Greek fire upon the West was a second Pentecost, a Renaissance, regeneration, not Christian but heathen, not to spiritual but to literary life; not as a little child, but as an Athena with Ægis of stony horror and weapons of war, the Modern Age. The West had been long preparing for this new birth; and to keep up the figure a little longer, the world was gathered together to this Pentecost as it had been to the first.

Christianity has been called by some, not fully in sympathy with it, the religion of sorrow and compassion; and waiving all its claims to being a religion of joy as well, it is undoubtedly true that such was its predominant characteristic in the Middle Ages. It was a religion of martyrs, of "gibbeted gods," as Swinburne puts it. Without stopping to inquire whether this peculiarity of Christianity was necessary either for that time or for all time, the fact that such was its peculiarity then remains a matter of history.

But in the course of time, out of the universal anarchy that accompanied the dissolution of Rome, Northern barbarity, and Southern corruption, arose a new order, a stronger and lovelier race of men. To this race, vigorous, passionate, beautiful, the "noble army of martyrs" that had won such boundless veneration from their fathers became strangely distasteful. Their emaciate, scourged, and ghastly glories were all but disgusting to their exquisite physical senses. The Western world was prepared for its fatal baptism in the splendid and passionate humanity of Greek literature and art. Fatal, we repeat: not that in itself Greek art was base or monstrous or false, for it was the most perfect thing ever yet produced by the hand or brain of man, noble, human, right, but fatal to Christendom in that it was a descent from a higher imperfection to a lower perfection. Humanity we all account on a higher plane than the rest of the animal creation; and the fact that we seldom see humanity in its perfection, mental and physical, does not blind us to its superiority over the more perfect development of the lower creatures in their kind. So Christendom with its unperfected spirituality is superior to Heathenese with its perfected intellect and physique. The evil of the Renaissance was that it preferred the latter to the former. I would not be understood to mean that the Greeks were without spiritual faith: that is very far from being the truth. But the spirit of a dead religion, as of a past age, can only be entered into, and then only partially, by the very greatest and wisest of men: ordinary minds can only seize upon and copy its externals. And again, it may be objected that the humanity and intellect that the Greeks so almost perfectly manifested are things desirable, and not evil in themselves. On the contrary, they are only good when coexistent with a high spiritual state in the people who has them, which spirituality, Greek or Christian, the Renaissance, in the one case, could not revive, and, in the other, despised.

We have in our present condition all the good that has come of following the Greeks,—science, education, civil and religious freedom,—but at the price of a shattered and almost paralyzed Christianity, the death of every native art in Europe, the divorce of

religion from daily life, the swifter and ever swifter descent of a large part of thinking men from Catholic faith toward Atheism or Pantheism, and a restlessness and constant desire of change in individuals and nations that is reducing Europe to a state of chronic revolution.

To trace this chaos back to its origin in the Revival of Greek Learning would require the rewriting of the history of the last three hundred years. For men in their love of liberty rather than of that obedience of which liberty is the reward, and in their love of encyclopædic knowledge rather than of the wisdom which should be the outcome of such knowledge, have traced only the spread of this liberty and knowledge in the world, without caring to trace or account for the decline of faith (in all its senses) and true wisdom. Nevertheless, it is easy to see the steps by which the modern world has "progressed" toward its millennium of utter skepticism, rationalism, and communism, with Byron for its poet, Gustave Dorè for its painter, Spencer for its philosopher, and Rénan for its historian.

Greek learning influenced Europe in two ways,—artistically and theologically. The result of the first was to make the Catholicism of the Latin races at first a gorgeous hypocrisy, and then, by reaction against Protestantism, the mother of the Inquisition and Jesuitism. Its results upon art, both in the north and south of Europe, have been similar in kind and equally disastrous. We now look back on the sixteenth century as our age of demigods,—“There were giants in those days.” Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Titian, Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Calvin, Luther, Knox, men of herculean stature they were undoubtedly. If they had been lesser men, perhaps the effects of the Renaissance would have been less fatal. They were the flower of the Europe of the past: men of such vast powers that they could wear their heavy weight of Greek mail without effort. None but such giants could ever have wrenched Europe from all its traditions; could ever have practically sealed the history of fifteen centuries, and made the world believe that Augustus and not Charles V was the reigning Cæsar. The evil of the Renaissance being in its substitution of human

learning for divine wisdom and liberty of thought for faith, the full consequences of it could not fall on those who first opened the doors to it, safe as they were, too, in their own inherited virtue, so much as on the weaker generations that followed them, less capable of resistance from the fact that it was sanctioned by such immortal names. The immediate effect of the Renaissance upon Europe was to bring its art to a sudden climax of perfection, judged from technical standards, beyond which art will probably never go. The first touch of the frost ripens the grain, the continued frost kills it. Frost seems to be the only fit symbol of the Renaissance. First, one splendor of gold and crimson over all the hills; then the falling of the withered leaves. First, one grand efflorescence of the genius of Europe; then frozen architecture from Italy, frozen theology from Trent and Geneva, frozen literature from Racine and Dryden, petrified all by the "Gorgonian cold" of the *Ægis* of our modern Athena. From the grandeur of St. Peter's to the whitewashed pillars of a New England meeting-house; from the Sistine Madonna to the illustrations of our family Bibles; from the boundless wealth of the "*Faerie Queen*" to the poems of yesterday's newspaper,—where is there one break in the chain of degeneration? The presence of a dead and false symbolism, so masterly used at first, has spread at last and in weaker hands into a festering mass of puerile or disgusting shams. The first heresiarchs were great beyond their age—would have been great under any conditions. Yet there are those who can trace even in them the fatal blight; who dare call the Christ of the Sistine Chapel "*Olympic*;" who can see a distinction between *Rafælle* "when he was young and heaven-taught," and when he painted the "kicking gracefulnesses" of the "*Transfiguration*;" who will say of even Milton's "*Paradise Lost*" that it is a "picturesque drama . . . not a single fact being conceived as tenable by any living faith." Even in these, then, the first issue of the Renaissance is—falsehood; beautiful, picturesque, but unbelievable. All true and living art is founded on some earnest faith,—is the outcome of that. The art of the Renaissance was, from the very first, unbelieved, unbelievable. Meanwhile, all the truly

Christian art of the preceding ages has perished almost as completely as the ancient Egyptian. Not only do we no longer build cathedrals like Salisbury and Rouen, but we have lost all the lovely domestic architecture of the Middle Ages; all their equally lovely and humbler arts of illumination, needlework, pottery, and furniture. And what have we in place of them? Any New England village is a sufficient answer.

In approaching the second great effect of the Renaissance,—the effect, that is, of Greek thought upon Christianity itself,—we have to deal with a question much more serious and vital than the preceding. Though the causes of the Reformation lay far back in the Middle Ages, and were totally unconnected with the Greek learning, yet it is equally indubitable that under its influence the Reformation took the form it so largely did,—that of the disintegration of Christendom. There are those, we know, who think the present divisions of Christendom are of no consequence. There are those who account rebellion a capital offence, who yet can see nothing wrong or mischievous in schism. Yet there are more and more who are beginning to see that the endless division of Protestantism is one of its most fatal defects, and that unity in church as well as state is essential. From that standpoint, then, what was the cause of this error? Nothing in the political condition of Germany, where it arose. The Germans, in their love of unity, never till 1801 gave up even the factitious unity of the Holy Roman Empire, though made up of more incoherent elements than any other state in Europe; and no kingdom to-day has a more centralized government than the kingdom of Prussia. Nor was the error inseparable from the idea of Reformation. For the Reformation was accomplished in England without such results; and not till the eleventh year of Elizabeth, not till the continental Reformers flooded England, were there any separatists from the Anglican Church; and since then among them, but not in her, the same evil has appeared. The evil has its only parallel and cause in the fundamental characteristic of all Greek politics and philosophy,—individualism; the famous principle since formulated of the “right of private judgment.” As this is not intended to be a theological

treatise, we will not trace out to its ultimate issues all that doctrine has already done and is yet to do for Christendom ; things which no one has a right to be ignorant of or ignore, if there is any one yet alive who believes that faith, of any sort, always has its sure and consistent exponent in works. Let anybody get a list of the more than two hundred sects of Christianity, and see what errors—fantastical and even immoral—this famous doctrine has led to. Take, to bring the matter nearer home, a canvass of this college, and find out the chaos that exists even here in the majority of the men's minds as to religion. Conceive an indifference to it so profound that it is a matter of ridicule to profess or defend the nominal faith of this land and the undoubted faith of our English ancestors for thirty generations, and of some of the greatest races and names in history. This is the last and greatest evil we have to lay at the door of the Revival of Learning, and of those who, in their greatness, led all the world astray from their fathers' faith to kneel at the shrines of another race, great and deathlessly fair though that race was.

What the Greeks have done for the world will be felt to the end of time. But that work, where it has been well done, has been at Thermopylæ and at Salamis, in the school of the divine Plato, preparing the way for Christianity in the furnishing a universal and perfect tongue for its easy transmission, in laying down the *principles* of art and thought ; it has been done to irreparable mischief where men, in their admiration of its perfection, have bowed down and worshipped, not its spirit but its form, not its stern pride of race but its weak pride of independence, not its love of the truth but its love of argument. The good that they have done I may appear to have overlooked, but that is so often and so fondly dwelt upon that there is no danger of any one's else doing so ; and there is very urgent need of every one's seeing the evil they have done. That that evil some, at least, are beginning to see, is evident in the history of this century. A strong reaction against Renaissance classicism has begun to appear,—as far back as the opening of the century in Scott and the Lake Poets in literature, and in more pronounced fashion in Carlyle and Hugo later ; in

theology in the Oxford movement; and in the arts in the Pre-Raphaelite school of English painters,—besides in many a lesser movement independent or allied with these. All these have the more or less avowed purpose of throwing off the traditions of the last three hundred years, and of returning to the methods, if not to the faith, of the first fifteen centuries. The influence of these men is more and more profoundly felt; and we owe to them the fact that the Victorian age is second in greatness only to the Elizabethan, with this vital difference, that whereas the one had in it the potency of death, the other has in it the promise of life,—a truer and mightier Renaissance. In the vigor, yet immature, and in the light, yet dim, of this new dawn, we are bold to hope the day is not impossible when the tide of evil that began in 1453 may be stayed, without losing or forgetting whatever of good the immortal Greeks have bequeathed us, and when we may again have a united Christendom and a Christian art.

PROTECTION.

I am not strong, as athletes are ;
My muscles will not rise and swell ;
Yet, I'm a power in the land,—
I've bought a chestnut bell.
In days when I was all unarmed,
I was so meek, I'm loath to tell ;
But now we are a fearless pair,—
I and my chestnut bell.
No terrors now the minstrel joke ;
The weather fiend has said farewell ;
The city hackman's price goes down
Before my chestnut bell.
I think that in life's eventide,
Ere I repose in grassy dell,
When Death, that stale old man, appears,
I'll ring my chestnut bell.

AN ERRAND OF DUTY.

Every dog is said to have his day, at some period or other of his existence, and my uncle Jonas ought to have had his long ago. When I say "day," I mean to limit its significance to a period of infatuation for some fair pilgrim from Eden; a time of sunshine, blue sky, spring flowers, and rapt devotion,—a love-day, in short. My uncle ought to have been as fortunate as the proverbial dog, at least, for he was round and rosy to look upon, had an infinite stock of good nature, and a good surplus at the bank. He was a lawyer by profession if not by practice, but his forte was anywhere than among the sheepskin-covered volumes of a law library; of which, however, he had a magnificent array, as befitting a gentleman of wealth. I was student in the office, and the position was by no means to be despised, for I could make out a writ of attachment or petition for change of name well enough, and my uncle had positively forbidden me to mention the matter of fees to him at all; so they remained in a not unwilling pocket.

With all his joviality, my uncle was the most non-committal person about his private affairs that I ever beheld. Most men at certain times will warm up sufficiently to tell you more or less of their inside life, of a scolding helpmeet, or of a loss at stocks; but my uncle Jonas was a monumental exception.

It was this reserve and secretiveness of his that got me into trouble such as I hope never to experience again, and which I cannot, for—but I am running away from my story. If he had told me what he ought, I should have been spared that episode by the sea of which I am about to tell you.

I was sitting in the office one warm July afternoon, drowsily surveying the pages of "Benjamin on Sales" through a cloud of very good tobacco smoke. My uncle had gone to the beach for a little vacation, and had left me possessor of the law books and a box of excellent cigars. Conscience made me read the books, and the cigars helped the burden of conscience.

My musings were interrupted by a familiar step coming up the stairs, and presently my friend Tom Lathrop rushed into the sanc-

tum of Jonas Blackrock, Esq., his face fairly running over with some important message.

Tom Lathrop was an artist, who painted wretched pictures of beggar women and coal-heavers, which he called "character studies." Once in a great while the entreaties of a very pretty sister got a picture of his hung in the exhibition; but as a monotonously general rule, his works of art were coldly neglected. I was one of his kindest critics, and many a cigar had we smoked over his plans for a masterpiece that was to startle the artistic world.

To-day I saw that something else was coming; but I assumed a very far-fetched stoicism, and awaited developments. They soon came.

"Harry," said he, "did you know that uncle of yours was making an ancient monkey of himself at the beach? Flirting fearfully with a girl of nineteen! Fact," as the incredulity came into my eyes, "he is utterly done for. Why, he takes her to ride every day, and they go boating, fishing, and the deuce knows what all. The people at the hotel are having great sport over your senile relative. Better go down and reason with him a little, I should say."

The inch of cigar ash that I had been carefully preserving fell into my lap, and my legs dropped helplessly from the table to the floor. It was too much—my old uncle making a fool of himself with a girl! I would sooner have expected Tom Lathrop to paint a good picture, or one of his coal-heavers to become acquainted with water. Gradually there came to me the conviction that I must hurry to the seashore, rescue my uncle from this ignominy, and win his eternal gratitude in the more sober moments of after life. At the expense even of his friendship and regard it must be done. Never was duty more plainly outlined.

So, having locked up the office, I strode off, grip in hand, to the steamboat wharf, where the steamer Polycarp was floating as calmly upon the turbid harbor water as though erratic uncles and anxious nephews were no part of existence.

I took a seat in the stern of the boat that I might be reasonably free from interruption. I had a pocket full of uncle's cigars, think-

ing that they might, by their whilom connection with him, help in settling the difficulty which I now saw very plainly before me. As we threaded the islands of the bay, making a landing here and there, I pondered over the matter long and earnestly. What was I to say? How broach the subject? and, the subject being broached, how persuade my smitten relative to return to a normal condition? Any definite plan of action seemed as intangible as the foamy bubbles of the vessel's wake that danced and scintillated in the deep yellow sunlight of afternoon. Finally I decided to leave everything to fate, and to act upon the spur of the moment as reason suggested.

I arrived at the scene of my uncle's folly just before tea-time, and the hotel clerk gave me an excellent room on the third floor, to which I was conducted by a very agile bell-boy of Hibernian descent. I threw out sundry hints about a Mr. Blackrock. "Know him? Bet I do. Jolly old boy: lots of *perq.* Little soft in the upper story though, they say, but I don't mind that."

I fairly groaned. That Jonas Blackrock, Esq., should have become a by-word and subject of bell-boys' talk was awful to contemplate. By a strong effort I assumed an air of composure, and went down to the dining-room, where I was assigned a seat at a table that had but a single occupant, and when I saw her I sincerely hoped that there would be no more save myself. She was a beautiful young girl—that is all I can say. My friend, Tom Lathrop, would run on from his artistic point of view, and tell you that her hair was dark and fine, that her eyes were as perfect as her hair, that her lip was a Cupid's bow stained a carnation pink, that her throat was like the perfection of chiselled marble: but I hold that beauty cannot be transcribed to paper, and shall attempt nothing of the sort. Enough to say that I became her slave forthwith, and when I had finished my supper I withdrew only because I saw that I must. As I left the dining-room I turned on the threshold to catch a last glimpse of the fair face, when I saw walking jauntily in from the piazza, through the open window, my uncle Jonas. He went over to the table where the young girl was sitting, bowed politely, and sat down by her side. For

an instant I was dazed ; then the fearful truth burst upon me. *This* was the girl with whom my uncle was cutting such a figure, *this* girl whom I had already appointed as my own divinity ! Things were worse than my darkest anticipations. Uncle Jonas and I rivals ? The idea seemed preposterous, yet so it must be until I could convince him of the error of his ways.

I inquired the number of his room at the office, and went up to await his coming, when I fully intended to use to the utmost my powers of calm persuasion. Before many minutes the cheery form of my uncle thrust itself through the door, a warm, plump hand grasped mine and worked my forearm energetically for a few minutes. "Glad to see you, my boy. How are you ? Run down from overwork on important cases, eh ?" He winked forcibly, as though this were a joke, but he winked to an unresponsive person. I could countenance no pleasantries on this solemn occasion. Still I must be decent to my relative, and I tried to make some commonplace reply. Prevaricating already, you see ; but he was so kind and jovial that I had n't the heart to attack him at once, and when he ordered up claret punch and cigars I almost forgot that I was in the presence of my rival. It was only when we were about to part for the night that I remarked casually, "That's a pretty young lady who sat at your table."

"Do you think so ?" he asked eagerly. "I hope you will like her, for—" he stopped confusedly.

"She *is* pretty, and I hope I *shall* like her," I replied frigidly, taking note of his embarrassment, and seeing all his folly revealed ; "but don't you think you are going a little bit too far ?"

"Too far," said he, reddening. "Why, I beg your pardon if I have offended you, but I thought you would be pleased."

This was more than I could stand, and I walked off to my room with a very dignified tread. Before going to sleep I determined to settle the whole thing next day, and return to town either victor or vanquished.

My uncle, who seemed to have forgotten all about my wrath, introduced me to his charmer at the breakfast table the next morning. Her name was Gertrude Adams. The words seemed to turn

themselves about deep down in my mind, and to assert for themselves a place there, and I made no resistance.

But my uncle's conduct was abominable. He called her "dear" several times, and bent the sweetest glances upon her, which I imagined were returned in like manner. I was getting very nervous, when he remarked, seemingly to no one in particular, "We are going fishing on the rocks to-day."

"Who are going?" I asked brusquely.

"Gertrude, yourself, and I."

"Leave me out, please; I shall be too busy."

In an instant I repented my foolish speech, but I would not recant. At least I would be spared the pain of seeing my uncle make unblushing love to Miss Adams, who sent at me from her dark eyes a mild reproach for my rudeness.

"H'm!" remarked Uncle Jonas meditatively, "too busy, eh? Rather strange condition for you to be in. Well, then, Gertrude and I will have to go alone, I suppose," and the old sinner tried very hard to look sorry, when I knew that he was doing his very best to conceal his joy at being rid of me.

I stood on the hotel piazza and watched the pair go down the beach,—she in a white flannel dress, with here and there a knot of deep scarlet, and he wearing knickerbockers and a Tam O'Shanter. I could see the tenderness with which he helped her over the rocks, and the solicitous way in which he turned down the brim of her straw hat, jealous even of the sun.

"Stay in your fool's paradise till noon," I muttered fiercely, as the last bit of gleaming red disappeared behind a big mass of rock; "then I shall endeavor to drag you out, my dear uncle."

Time hung heavily on my hands at the hotel. An examination of the register showed me no familiar names, and I was in no humor to make new friends. I felt like a naughty boy who has been made to stay at home for ill temper. I smoked; but the delights of smoking will pall in time. I was fairly cast in upon myself, and I did not like my companion.

I left the office and walked off towards a grass-covered bluff, ten or twelve feet high, that ran some distance from the surround-

ing shore into the ocean. The sparkling sea-breeze blew in steadily from the water, and acted as a tonic upon my whole system. Hope "waved her golden hair," and I welcomed every suggestion, however audacious.

I reached the limit of the bluff, and threw myself full length upon the grass near its edge. Dreamily I looked out over the blue water. The sails of passing ships glimmered in the sunlight, while toward the southern horizon a dark band of smoke told of a steamer as yet unseen. My eyes were closing, and my thoughts becoming deliciously confused, when the sound of a very familiar voice reached my ear. I was wide awake immediately. Below me was the devoted fishing party of two, and my uncle was talking.

"You know how dear you are to me, Gertrude," said he, "and how happy you can make me."

"I would do anything in the world for you," was the reply, "but it seems so strange—"

I started impulsively to my feet, but I felt the treacherous edge of the bluff giving way beneath me. Wildly I clutched at the grass and weeds, but it was of no avail, and the next instant I was rolling heels over head down the steep incline, accompanied by a prodigious shower of gravel and dirt.

I landed at the very feet of my uncle, not greatly injured in body, but wofully perturbed in spirit. What an appearance before a girl whose favor I had hoped to win no longer ago than last night,—a girl who could not make an awkward movement to save her life! Over her face came a rippling smile that would not be conquered. I arose to my feet full of wrath.

"Take her, Uncle Jonas," I exclaimed melodramatically; "take her, and I hope you'll be happy. You say you love her: marry her, then, and I'll—I'll go to Europe, or somewhere!"

"You—I— What on earth do you mean? *I* in love! *I* get married! You must be crazy, boy! Can you make anything out of this, Gertrude?"

The young girl stood before us for an instant, her face all aflame; then, without a word, she turned and walked swiftly away over the rocks toward the hotel. My uncle turned on me petulantly:

“Now what does all this fuss mean?” he said.

“Don’t you love her? Aren’t you going to marry her?”

“Marry her! Why, she’s my ward!”

“Your ward?” I muttered helplessly.

“Yes, she has lived in the South most of her life, but this summer I wanted her to come up and see her old guardian. I’ve been working in your behalf pretty hard for three days, and this is my reward! Truly, this is a hard world. By the way,” added the old fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, “if you are a young man of wisdom you will overtake her before she gets to the hotel. I’ll fish.”

Over the rocky path I went in haste, and when Gertrude Adams reached the hotel it was long after noon—and she was not alone.

* * * * *

I have always held that Uncle Jonas ought to have told me that he had a ward, but Gertrude insists that a kindly power rules over the affairs of young people, and that “what is to be will be.”

A FRAGMENT.

Fair friend, my lover, when I think

That time shall come with circling years,

And greater growth than now appears,

That shall dissolve the living link

That binds us in the bonds of love,

My heart, poor parasite of thine,

Cannot itself to death resign

All calmly, helpless to remove

The fate it still would disbelieve.

A fatal gift the gods have given,

’Gainst which my heart hath fondly striven,

To know that change doth all deceive,

To see things by the light of tears,

To learn that naught unchanged remains,

Nor any love forever reigns,

Nor any faith outlasts the years.

DOES GENIUS LACK JUDGMENT ?

No one, I am sure, will dispute the fact that the generally received impression concerning men of genius and high talent is, that they are wanting in good judgment and sound common-sense. It is my purpose to examine, so far as the limits of this brief article will allow, into this theory, and see if it rests upon fact, or is only the hue and cry raised by men who, realizing their inferiority and shallowness, seek to maintain their positions, not by raising their standard of excellence, but by casting the shadow of doubt on the truths discovered by men of deeper mind than themselves. That such an idea exists, I repeat, is established. The man who withdraws into himself for internal contemplation, who seeks by observation and investigation to discover the mainspring of human action, to disclose eternal laws and feel the pulsations of the heart of the universe, or who, in his love for humanity, seeks to grasp the great principles of equity and justice to all men—this man is spoken of with an accent of contempt by narrow-minded men, who, while compelled to admit the beauty and worth of the propositions, yet deny their practical application. “Theories of owl-eyed professors” is the sneer cast upon doctrines of international relations evolved by long years of constant observation both of present results and future probabilities. “Visionary dreamers and moon-struck philosophers,” says the world, of that little band of enthusiasts who meet each year in Concord, and seek to penetrate a little farther into the realm of the unknown.

Genius is, from its generous and noble nature, too commonly inclined to give mankind credit for more virtue and philanthropy than they possess. It sees the good and the true, and how all is based upon them, and cannot conceive how men may fall away from principles of so evident worth. In this respect genius is more apt to err than common minds. Men of business conduct things to a successful issue every day, but cannot give any satisfactory reason, or show any principle of action. The work of the mind in this case approaches more nearly tact or instinct than intellect. Now this kind of action will not apply when any question

is raised that must be determined by rules of reason and principles of justice. Then must come into play those higher qualities of the mind which we term the intellect; those powers of abstraction, of concentration and deduction, that mere instinct has not.

The soundness of a design or speculation must be two-fold. Not only the superstructure must be true, but the foundation must be good; and in this is demanded no more than the every-day world expects, for the parable of the house upon the sand is as applicable to-day as ever. The design or speculation taken abstractly must be solid, else he who forms it lacks solid genius or solid talent. I do not pretend to be defending the frothy outpourings of raving, heedless enthusiasts, but the carefully studied and well prepared results of sober, serious thought. Abstractly taken, I said above, should be this design or speculation, because, where self comes in, passion and consequent irregularity must of necessity follow. Just notice for a moment the effect of personal passion on the world. Without it all order and system could be established, all wear and friction be eliminated, and the whole go on as smoothly as a well ordered machine; and yet all life that is at all different from that of the machine lives in passion, and without it the world sinks to one dead level. And to this overflow of passion may be attributed much of the irregularity and dissipation that too often accompanies the career of men of genius. Plainly enough for others do they see the right course, but for themselves burning passion blinds the eyes.

It may be argued that the masses of society are very much hardened in daily conflict with the forces of humanity, and that the delicate sensibility which can create and appreciate these refinements has been destroyed. But I maintain that it still exists, though perhaps changed and injured. It may have become morbid and selfish; it may look only to freeing itself from trouble, and as a means to that end free itself from viewing others' troubles.

Much has been said against sensibility; but very little skill is used to distinguish the true from the false. Genius cannot exist without it. If the senses were not susceptible and vivid, the fancy could never be duly furnished. If the heart were not tender, or active and strong in its emotions, there would be a deficiency of all

just and impressive sentiment. Poetical or moral genius could therefore no more exist without sensibility than a fountain without water. There is nothing that gives one a more despondent view of human nature than the impression that principle and reasoning have nothing to do with common life. If it be said that sagacious common-sense hits on right means without reaching its means by right reasoning and correct principle, then man is to be inferred as governed by instinct rather than by intellect. The man who carries things to a successful completion, and yet can give no continuous line of thought for his line of action, but has trusted throughout to chance, to luck, to fate, is nearer the brute, and on a lower plane than he who has failed and yet can point out his reasons step by step, even though those reasons be founded on a fallacy.

Perhaps it may be said that the objections to speculative opinions are founded in their inflexibility. They seem of brass set in adamant, and allow no room for exception, no play for individuality; but this, I think, is hardly the case. It is a well established principle, that the general rule should be taken as binding till the exception is clearly shown and well defined; but the world, without waiting for the exception, holds the presumption to be that these general rules are usually wrong, and thus at once arrays itself against them. It is the defendant held guilty till he is found innocent.

Another charge is the question of expediency as to time, place, and person. One of our friends says, perhaps, that the theories are in themselves all well and good, but in his position and circumstances they must give way to some of the above named considerations. It may be granted that the truth is not to be spoken at all times and at all places, but even this allowance must be used with caution, and regarded as not affecting in the least the general applicability of the truth, nor yet is it to be brought forward as an argument against it. This charge must assume judgment or common-sense to be heartless, selfish, dishonorable, and cunning. But another of our friends comes forward and asks us what is the kind of sense that succeeds best in the world. Is it not that cold, unreasoning, selfish kind that we have just cried down for men of

genius? Suppose, for the sake of argument, we grant them this point, though on it alone a good fight might well be made, and see what it proves: that wickedness is greater than virtue, that close-veiled deceit has more power than open integrity, and that the man who is said to want judgment wants but freedom from conscience to descend below honor and achieve his plans.

If it be the effect of high talent to make those who possess it expose themselves to defeat by placing confidence where it is not deserved, then the defeat must be attributed not to want of judgment, but to the self-sacrifice of virtue, for which it is to receive its final reward. Hard-headed and strong-shouldered men go blundering on, and by mere brute force push their way through walls, and overcome many a huge obstacle that may lie in their way. They mistake their own hard-headedness for skill, and it inspires confidence in them. But when they come out on the broad open plain of the sea they lose their way; there is no longer anything to knock their empty heads against. All around is the same. They have no compass for the varying fogs and gales of passion; they have no insight of the deeper, broader currents of this sea of souls. From their narrow experience they can deduce no predictions. They mistake the calm that precedes the tempest for the continuance of fair weather; and when the rocks are reached, and the crash of ruin comes, they rail against Providence as though they were totally irresponsible for their own misfortunes.

If real judgment be, as I take it, the double task of deciding the probable course of events under certain circumstances, and of choosing the rule of action that may be applied to those events, then who can exercise more judgment than he whose whole life has been spent in quiet and thorough investigation of the causes and effects of human action, by whom the great field of humanity has been carefully surveyed and mapped out, and who, overlooking the narrow confines of immediate environment, can clearly see in the misty future the great train of circumstances that hangs upon his simple decision? Honor be to such judgment as this, and honor be to the day when the world shall come to appreciate it and assign it its proper place.

THE CHAIR.

It has always been held eminently fit and proper for a new publication of this kind to make its obeisance to the world in which it finds itself, and we strive to make ours with a graceful blending of humility and confidence. Humility? Yes; because we are mindful of our stern elders in college literature, who will coolly survey us, some of them from the vantage-ground of long existence, others with a due sense of quickly earned success,—all with the critic's eye. We are somewhat in the position of the "new boy," who comes for the first time to a school already well filled: he is glad to be there, yet he scarcely knows what the general result will be, or toward which end of his class he will gravitate. Confidence? Yes; because we know that from ourselves shall be given to the magazine the work and attention that it demands for success; and we feel equally sure of the support of our college—not a financial support merely, but an intellectual one as well. A support of good-will, a support of indulgent welcome, is certainly not the least satisfying to a board of editors who are just beginning to realize that to put forth a magazine worthy of the name on its cover is a task that can never be done too well.

So, with many hopes and a few misgivings, we bring into existence the DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY, a name which means but little now, because untried and unproven. As time goes by, may it come to mean more and more, until it shall claim an undoubted position amongst its contemporaries, and shall speak of success, influence, and worth.

Before the impression of a single word had been made upon the paper of this magazine, its board of editors lost one whose aid will be keenly missed in these days of beginning, whose ability, vigor, and cheeriness would have been no small factor in bringing

us success. He was an enthusiast amongst us. His heart in its eagerness would run before us, sometimes, who groped and felt the way; yet how rarely was the path he chose found to be the wrong one!

Full of hopes and plans for a future of prosperity, he entered his summer rest; and who was there to say that before summer's harvest was gathered he should find that rest that knows no troubling! There has gone from us, in the strength of young manhood, an able and zealous coworker, and, more than all, a true friend.

The Dartmouth College case was decided sixty-seven years ago, and he who fears a repetition of it, fears a vain thing. Never again will be seen in Hanover a college and a university fighting for the possession of record-books, charter, and seal. True, history is given to repeating itself, we are told, but very rarely in the same place. In the present movement by the younger alumni toward a representation in matters of college polity, there are some who see only a scheme to abandon conservatism, to bid good-by to dignity, to dash recklessly from a well tried road into a treacherous wilderness, to welcome revolution, even to join hands with anarchy. But this cannot be so long as that well known something called "Dartmouth loyalty" exists. And her younger sons are loyal: never will they be matricides. Young blood wants push, aggressiveness, and participation: it does not care to usurp. So those who consider the origin of the movement, and what meaning it has, will have no gloomy views upon the matter, but will see in it an expression of the interest and zeal of men in whom is still the enthusiasm of youth.

The hope of reward is powerful in bringing the best work from the greatest number,—which is a trite saying, but one just suited to our present purpose. Acting with that principle in view, we offer for the best article from any member of the college a prize of \$20, and for the second best a prize of \$15, all contributions to be submitted to us by March 25. Articles may be either poetry or prose,

fact or fiction. They will be judged on their general literary merit. We hope to see a lively competition, and to receive abundant and satisfactory evidence of the literary spirit which is so steadily gaining ground at Dartmouth.

And, in a more general way, we heartily invite our fellow-students to send us at all times articles suitable for the magazine. We wish to make it of the college and for the college; and with that end in view we shall give to manuscript a far more cordial welcome than it is popularly supposed to receive at the hands of ruthless editors.

The discussion of the Greek question in the college world has quietly subsided of late, apparently yielding to the general inclination to treat of a subject more closely related to actual life,—the subject of students' expenses at various colleges. The metropolitan press is busily denouncing the enormous annual expenditures by members of Harvard University, and country papers gallantly reinforce their urban brethren. Certainly the figures given do seem startling to us who are not the offspring of millionaires, and we fall to wondering how \$10,000, or even \$5,000, can be disposed of. Yet in justice it should be remembered that a goodly proportion of these sums is spent upon objects not connected with the university in any way whatever. The institution pays the penalty of opprobrium because of its location.

Now comes the natural question, bearing in mind the very modest average expenses of students here in Dartmouth, Is it worth the difference? Is it worth the difference to be located on the Charles instead of far up the Connecticut? Is it worth the difference to be where great plays can be seen and great operas heard, instead of remote from them? May not these things, if essential to culture, come later? Is it worth the difference to be distantly connected with many professors and instructors, instead of being almost personally trained by fewer? Is it worth the difference to have even attendance at chapel not compulsory, instead of a stern morning requisite? We of smaller colleges are apt to think enviously upon the apparent advantages of large ones.

Whenever we find ourselves in this frame of mind, let us reflect a little upon ways and means, and then ask ourselves, Is it worth the difference?

Our esteemed contemporary (does n't that sound funny to you, Brother *Dartmouth*?—it does to us) appears in a brand-new coat of excellent style and fit, which is wholly in keeping with the general line of improvements at present waxing strong in our midst. Inside its covers there is ample promise that the *Dartmouth* will be in the future, as it has been in the past, an able and vigorous college journal. We feel pride in the success that the years have brought it, and we are sure that our pride will in no wise be lessened in the days to come.

We beg the indulgence of our readers for the late appearance of this first number of the magazine, and would only say that the death of one of our number, with the consequent confusion into which the departments were thrown, made it impossible for us to print any earlier. We trust this reason will be understood and appreciated by all.

THE MAIL-BAG.

Students and Alumni are earnestly requested to contribute to this department letters bearing upon the interests and welfare of the college. The usual restriction holds good, however, that the editors do not necessarily endorse all views herein expressed.

Editors of the Dartmouth Literary Monthly:—

Permit me in your initial number to enter a protest against one of the established usages at Dartmouth,—one which of itself can lay small claim upon our approval, and which is generally odious to the students themselves. I refer to the oral examinations annually imposed during the closing hours of the college year. Considered from the standpoint of the college authorities, these oral gymnastic exercises must be required, doubtless, for either of two reasons: they may be intended to furnish a proof to friends of the institution that good work is being accomplished in the various departments, or they may be thought to furnish a sort of mental pyrotechnics, gratifying (?) to the vanity of the student, and suggestive of an acquired ability to make a rhetorical display. If for the former reason, it would seem as if the written examination might suffice to exhibit the character of the college training. The student is accustomed to them at other times entirely, and for that reason they are the best medium for setting forth his knowledge of the subjects under consideration. Let the papers be open to the inspection of the examiners, and put on file, if need be, for subsequent reference. If the oral examination is meant to give the student a chance to unfold his multiplied accomplishments before a committee of eagle-eyed and profound examiners, then it must fail to accomplish its purpose. For how can the student do justice to himself or reflect credit upon his instructors, in a tedious and sombre oral examination, when wearied with the protracted duties of the term, the usual written examinations, and the tasks incumbent

upon his approaching departure? Again: The seeming lack of interest often betrayed by the examiners causes the student to infer that they would fain be excused from their duty; and where there is such general dissent on the part of college men as exists in reference to the oral examination, there must be some valid reasons for their dissatisfaction. We believe that if the opinion of our fellow alumni could be secured, they would promptly declare that the oral examinations must go.

ALUMNUS.

Washington, Sept. 11, 1886.

Editors of the Dartmouth Literary Monthly:—

Upon the summit of the small hill to the east of us there is an observatory, and in the dome of that observatory is said to be a very good telescope; but the students know remarkably little of either. Even those who are taking astronomy in course rarely avail themselves of the privileges offered them, while the great majority stay away altogether. The reason is not hard to see. There exists a feeling that visits to the hill-top at miscellaneous hours and varied days would be trespasses upon the kindness and courtesy of those in charge. I know that I have hesitated to go there many a clear night, being fearful of disturbing somebody's hairbreadth calculations.

Why would it not be a good and feasible plan to set apart some one night in the week, or month even, to be known as "visitors' night," when everybody would feel perfectly free to go up and take advantage of the instruments of observation? If visitors' night be stormy, then, in the language of the rustic show-bill, to be on the first fair night.

Perhaps I over-estimate the desire of the students to examine the wonders of the sky; if so, I judge them by my own feeling in the matter. I think, however, that some such arrangement as I have suggested would be of great value and convenience to many.

GALILEO, JR.

BY THE WAY.

The members of the three upper classes felt an undefinable sensation of something gone when they came out of chapel the other Sunday evening and found the doors to which they had been accustomed to wend their way for biblicals closed against them ; but the account was made fairly square by a sense of double duty when they sat next morning under their respective instructors attempting to concentrate upon the biblical lecture that attention which would keep wandering off to many little odds and ends of business with which this hour was wont to be filled. Thus on them, too, was impressed the mutability of human affairs, and the necessity of adapting themselves to new circumstances.

*
* *

And in due time they will become reconciled to much of the new plan, in spite of many a little groan and grumble now. That in this new scheme of Monday morning biblicals we are imitating the German gymnasia would be enough to silence the most conservative of conservatives. No one will doubt that a thorough and critical study of the Bible is an essential to a liberal education. But to one part of the plan, hostility, I am afraid, will continue, and that is to the marking on this exercise. To this point there seems to be a general and deep-rooted opposition. Surely some of the sacredness which the advocates of the plan wish to increase is taken from it by thus reducing it to a purely commercial transaction,—so much scriptural love for so many marks. Could not this exercise be, as it occasionally in past time has been, made so interesting and attractive of itself that the goad of marks would not be needed to stimulate the flagging attention of the student ?

When a Harvard man is pleased he is pleased all over, and his pleasure is genuine and something worthy to behold. It is pleasure pure, pleasure simple, and pleasure with all the modern improvements. Such was the enthusiasm that radiated from a Harvard Senior's face this summer when asked if he approved of no more compulsory chapel. "Why," said he, "my only regret is that I am not a Freshman, to have three years more of such liberty!" And then sobering down a little, he told how the authorities, after long consideration, had come to the conclusion that it was out of keeping with the free and progressive spirit of the times to compel any man to attend religious exercises, and how if Harvard was to be the representative of this spirit she must live up to it in all particulars! And if this Senior shall be the true exponent of Harvard feeling, then the authorities can console themselves with the assurance that to many souls have they given great and perfect satisfaction.

*

* *

How I pity the chronic grumblers next spring, when snow, slush, and mud lie deep in the Hanover streets, and these poor unfortunates are compelled to go tripping along to recitation, club, or post-office, on the new pavements! "And why, forsooth," says one, unacquainted with college life, "should your pity go out to these individuals, instead of your congratulations that they may walk dry-shod and in comfort?" Because, my dear friend, of the grim, stony mantle of silence that must fall upon their conversation, so long used to run in the channel of complaint against "Hanover mud" that it will not know which way to turn.

*

* *

But truly in this matter of concretes the citizens of Hanover have shown a most laudable desire to improve the village, and a most ready promptness in pushing the improvements to completion. By their present activity they have clearly shown that all former delay was caused by opposition, not in the precinct, but in the outlying parts of the town.

It was really quite inspiring to see a good lively game of Rugby in progress on the campus the other afternoon, and hear the shouts and cries that accompany this most vigorous of games. By the interest shown it would seem that Rugby has come to stay with us this fall; and now that the rock of election of officers, on which we split last fall, has been safely weathered, I see no reason why the Rugby of this fall should not do the college credit. The men are already at the training table, and the new management seems inclined to do its duty with efficiency and promptness.

*
* *

Every Dartmouth man will feel his own private sentiment expressed when I speak of the regret felt at the departure of Prof. Wright. All who have come in contact with him have conceived a hearty regard for him as a gentleman, and a profound respect for his ability as a scholar. As his new position as Professor of Philology and Dean of the Classical Faculty at Johns Hopkins gives him a higher rank, regret, perhaps, is selfish, but we can assure him of a warm remembrance here at Dartmouth till at least three classes are graduated.

*
* *

What an excellent idea it is to offer gold medals for those who succeed in making a record at the fall meet of the Athletic Association. It adds greatly to the snap and zest of the occasion, and lends a fresh impulse to the men who are thus working not only for the double medal but the double honor. And the youthful aspirant for fame feels a mightier sense of conflict, when, in addition to the other contestants around him, he feels the presence of a crowd of heroes from a bygone time, whose only embodiment lies before him in the dim, mysterious word, Record. He struggles and pants, the goal is reached, and he—lo! he is the Record whom a moment before he so much feared.

*
* *

“How young your men look,” said a Yale Senior, as he stood on the campus and viewed the circle of sport around him. “Surely

these are your Freshmen and Sophomores. Where are your Seniors?" Finally he came to the conclusion that owing to the greater numbers of Yale more beard was visible, and hence the impression of age. Thus he went his way, dismissing the subject from his mind; but with me the idea remained, and I fell to thinking,—Can it be that the extreme severity of our long, cold winters, or some other climatic influence, has aught to do with arresting the development of that manly appendage, for I can call to mind a score of men whose age, at least, warrants them in appearing full fledged? or can it be that we are younger than the men at Yale? Having no other standard of comparison at hand than the above mentioned remark, I subjoin the average age of the present senior class—22 years, 5 months—and invite comparison. And while thinking over this still unresolved question, I have comforted myself with the old story of the Italian nobleman who was sent to the court of Charles V, and being asked by that agreeable monarch why his master had not sent a bearded man, gave answer that had his master considered that virtue lay in beard instead of brain, he would most assuredly have sent him a goat.

*
* *

Why can we not send men to New Haven this year to compete in the tennis tournament? It seems the only way to advance much from our present development in the art of this game. We have players who are worthy to be matched with the best players from other colleges, and the points brought back from the tournament would prove of incalculable benefit. Defeat, at first, would be certain, but defeat that brings with it chances of future victory is no disgrace.

*
* *

To the door of lawn tennis we may lay the gradual degeneration of the good old game of foot-ball, which has so long been a feature at Dartmouth. Three years ago the Frater and social games were the chief sport of the cool, breezy fall days; but now, alas! the game has become no more than a cheap imitation of Rugby, kept

alive not for itself, but for the convenient opportunity afforded for the meeting of Sophomores and Freshmen. Many of the rules have been forgotten, the good "kicks" are dropping out each year, and in five years more the game will have passed entirely away, to be recalled only as a tradition by gray-haired men.

*
* *
*

In spite of the critics the "Wind of Destiny" still lives, and its large and still increasing sale is the best attest of its success and popularity to those who would fain affirm it to be without plot, and deny the creation of a single character in the whole book. And yet distance has tempered England into a more favorable criticism than America can afford. The *Athenæum*, I notice, pronounces it "the work of a man of genius," and cordially admires the purity and beauty of its style. And, indeed, I find little else than praise from any side, when its style and philosophy come in question.

*
* *
*

Quite the opposite is the method of the success of the season, Stevenson, who seeks to carry on that bizarre and fantastic—reaching in some points the supernatural—idea begun by Julian Hawthorne in "Archibald Malmaison." It seems that the popular taste runs in channels differing year by year, and that this year it had started out on an extremely eccentric hyperbola. Take away from these monuments of distortion the element of the unnatural, and what remains? For me, nothing,—though I am told that E. C. Stedman and others can see in them great moral allegories. But thus it is in life. The child looking up into the evening sky sees naught but a great dark roof all set with tiny twinkling lamps; but the gray-haired man of science sees vast realms of worlds,—the boundless sweep of the universe.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The critic has two apologies to make in assuming his office,—first, and most important, for presuming to give an authoritative judgment on the works of men so far his superior, and, second, for the meagreness of his department. The latter is owing, we suppose, largely to the former; and we dismiss that with the following few words on what we consider is our line of duty in criticism. Unfortunately, “to criticise,” like its Latin equivalent “to censure,” has come to mean *adverse* judgment, with the additional implication of analytic and comparative powers. In that sense we feel ourselves indeed incompetent; but if we may take the liberty of reading the word in something more like its original significance, of judgment, pure and simple, according to whatever ability may be in us, we accept the task with hesitancy, to be sure, but with greater ease. Laying aside, then, all pretence to the absolute, we shall feel that we have done our duty if in our judgment of authors we discover so much of their merits and demerits as shall incite others to read them also, not unthankful if their better insight shall discover that we are mistaken, provided that shall not find us unjust. Every one may not be a Minos: no one need be a Pilate.

Praeterita. *John Ruskin, LL. D.* Perhaps no words are more fitting for a preface to these reminiscences of Ruskin than those of another (entirely alien) mind in beginning his *Souvenirs*: “The recollections of my childhood do not pretend to form a complete and continuous narrative. They are merely the images which arose before me, and the reflections which suggested themselves to me while I was calling up a past fifty years old, written down in the order in which they came;” and this golden maxim for all autobiographers, “A man writes such things in order to transmit to others the theory of the universe which he carries within himself.” In the review of a work delightfully eminent for its lack of rigid sequence, the critic may be pardoned for a like inconsequence of style. The writer has often had to complain, in reading biographies, of a disappointment at the actual sight of a man he has long conceived in his own mind as of heroic size; but in this instance, whether owing to the cunning of Ruskin’s art or to the uniqueness of the events of his life, we discover a man of strangest complexion of moods indeed, but a man nevertheless whom, if we cannot call great in the largest significance, we cannot either call common or commonplace. Light cast upon Ruskin’s philosophy and style in these short chapters is perhaps that which most readers seek for,—a philosophy which is far from every one’s liking, though all cannot but admire the felicity of the style in which it is put forth. Ruskin is not a man that can be claimed by any one party, for, as he somewhere says, he is both a Radical and a Conservative; and we might add, both a Ritualist and an Evangelical, a Catholic and a Puritan. He is a “Tory of the old school” (Walter Scott’s school, that is to say, and Homer’s), and allies himself with Carlyle in his strong hero-worship, and belief in kings as actual, absolute political verities for this nineteenth century. We have it somewhere stated as a truth of Rhetoric, that clear writing begets

clear thinking, and is itself begotten of minutely clear reading. No more brilliant example of this can be found than in the author under consideration, and it is undoubtedly owing to his acknowledgment of the fact that he so carefully describes his early training in literature. Clear reading, clear writing, clear thinking,—this is the genesis of Ruskin's philosophy, the last the consistent outcome of the first; and if we reject the last, we must needs confess by so doing that the first is no longer translatable into anything of utility for our day. What was this reading? Let Ruskin himself tell us. "I had Walter Scott's novels and the *Iliad* (Pope's translation) for my only reading when I was a child on week-days; on Sundays their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress. . . . My mother forced me, by steady, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." Homer, Scott, Bunyan, and St. John would appear to be as notable doctors of philosophy as we might select; yet no philosophy of our day has ever been so satirized and antagonized as that which Ruskin has translated out of them. To those who love something in Ruskin besides the mere grace of his periods, no greater feeling of indignation is possible than that they feel under the teaching of those who, with an admiration not less outspoken than his for those his masters, can yet be content to take for their daily guidance the philosophy of John Stuart Mill and his school. And the strangest thing of all is, that these pseudo-admirers of Homer and St. John can find nothing so supremely ridiculous in Ruskin as his testing all questions, great or small, by their word. Add to this literary training of Ruskin the several other environments of his youth, and we have an explanation of the unique position he holds in the present age. His mother and father were persons of the rarest sort, strictly honest, devout, pains-taking, of fine artistic discernment, just without being stern, pure without being prudish. Ruskin was brought up in the loveliness of an England whose hills had not yet been disembowelled for coal or torn in twain for railroads, and whose skies and streams were not yet polluted by the excretions of factories. His first acquaintance (an early one) with Chamonix and Venice was not made by being suddenly launched upon the presence of their beauties and as suddenly rushed away, but by the long and easy stages of the old coach, without hurry or discomfort, prepared by the slow unfolding of the approach for the glory of the destination. He knew through long years the honor and the peace of an unpretending home, and from a distance, admiringly and reverently, knew also the grandeur and beauty of the greater English castles and manors. His few friends were the honorable company that gathered at his father's board, and a few women, mostly relatives, who cared rather more for household virtues than for literary or fashionable distinction. He was gifted with the keenest love of all beauty, controlled by a rigid discipline in the laws of truth, with a haughty and impatient temper curbed by exercise in all lowly virtues. Compared with the strong discipline so carefully and consistently maintained throughout his youth, how loose and inconsequent seems the training most of us receive, or, rather, adopt, nowadays! Agree with Ruskin or not, as you will, we doubt if the man is now alive who surpasses him in fearless consistency of philosophy, based on so noble a nurture, carried out with so keen an analysis. To believe him wholly wrong were impossible, wholly right were improbable; but to believe him, on the whole, the greatest *seer* of his generation were not only to our mind rational, but inevitable, if with him we can be bold not only to accept but to fulfil the word of those above mentioned, who were his earliest, as they are his latest, masters.

In looking over our work, we feel that perhaps an apology is necessary for converting a criticism into something like a eulogy. But we leave it to all who read a volume so well worth their attention to find, as frequently they will, the small idiosyncrasies, agreeable or disagreeable, that alone so many are able to see, and reserve for ourselves the pleasanter duty of trying to read in this life of Ruskin the source and the meaning of his much loved teaching.

EXCHANGES.

As the DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY makes its entrance upon the field of college journalism, the exchange department would offer greeting to its contemporaries, and express the hope that many of the literary college publications may make an entrance into its sanctum. College journalism may be subject to some common conditions of student life. Anything which may seem like a venture in the literary world it embraces is likely to meet with somewhat of stern scrutiny. The rivalries between neighboring institutions are oftentimes strongly marked. The brawny struggles for athletic supremacy, in specially arranged meetings, naturally warm the supporters of the opposing parties to feelings of bitterness and even asperity. Less, however, of such antagonism should exist in a literary connection than in any other. In the life of letters, these conditions ought to be largely modified or reversed. We are alike possessors of a common inheritance of thought. The literary products of the ages belong to each equally with the other as the basis of their existence. In the use of these, together with the rich and growing literatures of the present time, there must needs be strong community of feeling. It is with such feelings of harmony and fellowship that the DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY meets its exchanges. With such of our contemporaries as we may now be privileged to greet, the Lit. trusts the meeting may be a cordial one, and frequently to be renewed.

In seeking to represent the literary life of the new Dartmouth, it must be influenced somewhat by the established principles of the college monthlies, whose existence antedates its appearance by months, and some by years. But it enters upon its work confidently, and determined to take a worthy stand beside its predecessors in the field. In such a spirit, it invites only friendly relations with the literary college world.

The exchange department will be conducted with a view to mutual assistance, making liberal use, with due acknowledgment, of whatever it finds in visitors of interest to its own particular field, and believing that the province of the department is not to criticise but to employ.

Exchange editors of other college organs, to whom the September number of the Lit. is sent, will please consider an exchange desired. We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the *Harvard Monthly* for July. Its early arrival, in advance of the first number of the Lit., we accept not only as a graceful compliment to the institution which we represent, but as suggestive of very amicable relations in the weeks and months that are to come.

FACT AND FANCY.

President Adams of Cornell has made an appeal to the students to preserve a more scholarly appearance in the academic shades. Alas! coeducation, what mischief you are doing!

First student was telling a funny story to a circle of friends. When it was finished, second student remarked, "That reminds me of another anecdote," and he related it. Thereupon first student exclaimed, "I don't see how your story was recalled by mine." "It was," replied number two, "because mine was on the same page of the 'Joker's Manual' as yours."

A Boston advertisement calls a baby show a "monster congress of little olive-branches." Just wait a few years till the young imps reach the age of legal suasion, and they will be very apt to figure in a monster congress of little birch branches.

"Reach me down that Webster, Pat," said a newly elected metropolitan judge to his clerk. "One of them newspapers has been libelling me, and, be jabers, I won't stand it. The thaving blackguard calls me a forensic light."—*Ex.*

Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but he could not make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Clara exclaimed in well disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself." Charley took the hint, and offered himself on the spot.

ALUMNI NOTES.

As the son with intense interest inquires after the old home, so do the sons of Old Dartmouth watch her progress and interest themselves in her welfare. Ambition first brings students together, Patriotism introduces them, and Friendship unites them until they are changed from students to Alumni. Well resolved, they depart after graduation; but how soon they forget their Alma Mater unless their memory is occasionally refreshed. That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some reader fresh remembrances of happy but departed college hours.

Following is the Dartmouth college necrology for 1885-'86:

Victor M. Abbott, class 1860; Constant Abbott, 1830; Charles Adams, Jr., 1878; Samuel Alden, 1825; John W. Allen, 1869; Dwight Baldwin, 1859; William M. Barnard, 1876; William Barstow, 1842; Charles C. Beckley, 1854; Samuel M. Bowman, 1866; William Breck, 1838; George W. W. Brooks, 1842; Amasa M. Brown, 1840; Samuel G. Brown, 1831; Nathan P. Brownell, 1871; George H. Chamberlin, 1869; Henry B. Chase, 1835; Daniel Clark, 1839; Ebenezer E. Cummings, 1855; Lewis Darling, 1832; Scott E. Darling, 1876; John Doe, 1851; David F. Drew, 1842; Hewett C. Fessenden, 1838; Ryland Fletcher, 1869; Sylvester Foord, 1826; Henry F. French, 1852; Edmund Garland, 1828; Amphion Gates, 1844; John Giles, 1842; Daniel H. Gregg, 1824; George P. Hadley, 1840; Roscoe L. Harlow, 1853; William F. Hathaway, 1858; William A. Herrick, 1854; Edmund S. Hoyt, 1861; Otis Hoyt, 1834; Cyrus Jordan, 1832; Albert L. Kelly, 1822; Jonathan B. Kinsman, 1832; Nathan Lord, 1851; Sumner D. Marden, 1884; Calvin McQuesten, 1844; Daniel J. Noyes, 1832; John H. Noyes, 1830; Henry K. Oliver, 1818; John P. Olney, 1861; William R. Patten, 1861; John D. Philbrick, 1842; Sherburne B. Piper, 1832; John F. Porter, 1855; Napoleon B. Porter, 1881; Cyrus S. Richards, 1835; George Riedemann, 1884; Stephen Roberts, 1851; Ashton E. Rollins, 1851; Charles W. Sanborn, 1872; Edwin D. Sanborn, 1832; C. W. Shepard, 1836; Bradford N. Stevens, 1835; John B. Farricelli, 1857; William W. Tucker, 1835; George W. Tuxbury, 1845; Gilbert Wadleigh, 1847; Samuel M. Wheeler, 1865; James H. Whittemore, 1862; Nathan Youngman, 1832.

The average age of the sixty-six whose ages we have given is 65 years 4 months and 28 days. Three were between 20 and 30, four between 30 and 40, five between 40 and 50, eight between 50 and 60, fourteen between 60 and 70, nineteen between 70 and 80, thirteen between 80 and 90.

Two survivors of the class of 1820 are now the senior bachelors of arts of Dartmouth college,—the Hon. George W. Nesmith, LL. D., of Franklin, N. H., born October 23, 1800, and the Rev. David

Goodwillie, D. D., of Vienna, Trumbull county, O., born August 28, 1802. Their diplomas, however, are antedated by that of Abraham T. Lowe, M. D., of Boston, Mass., who was born August 15, 1796, and graduated from the medical college in 1816.

'52. Hon. T. J. Smith has been appointed to a lucrative position in the Boston custom-house.

'61. Hon. Edward B. Knight is prominently mentioned for the supreme court bench of West Virginia.

'63. John Scales, one of the editors of the Dover, N. H., *Daily Republican*, was recently defendant in a suit for \$10,000 brought by one Arthur F. Howes, who claimed that Mr. Scales had printed a libellous article against him in the *Republican*. The jury found a verdict of "not guilty" in seven minutes.

'72. W. A. G. Meads is Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the normal school, Buffalo, N. Y.

'73. Nathaniel W. Ladd is a prominent member of the Boston common council.

'74. Charles O. Gates has a position as teacher in the Brooklyn high school.

'76. John Kivel has received the Democratic nomination for the solicitorship of Strafford county, this state.

'77. E. C. Carrigan has been in Europe this summer attending to some legal business for Gen. B. F. Butler.

'80. George H. Danforth, for some years principal of the Quincy, Mass., grammar school, has been elected superintendent of schools at Weymouth, Mass.

'81. Gardiner P. Balch was married last August to Miss Georgie Williams, of Groveland, Mass. His best man was James W. Hale, C. S. D., '81. Mr. Balch is now principal of the Saxonville, Mass., high school.

'82. Samuel D. Felker is studying law in the office of Hon. J. G. Hall, Dover.

'83. Charles W. Oakes, Dartmouth's famous runner and all-round athlete, has entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city.

'84. G. D. Lord is principal of the academy at Woodstock, Conn.

'84. E. E. Hale is travelling salesman for D. Appleton & Co., New York.

'84. Delavan C. Delano is a student in the law office of Wilbur H. Powers (Dart. '75), 205 Washington street, Boston.

'84. H. L. Hatch enters Harvard Law School this fall.

'84. Arthur Whipple Jenks, Instructor in Greek and Latin, Preparatory Department, University of the West and North-West, Racine, Wis.

'85. Richard Hovey is about to enter the General Theological Seminary at New York city, where he intends to study for Holy Orders.

'85. W. A. O'Brien is wrestling with Blackstone in the law office of Wm. Warren Towle, 10 Tremont street, Boston.

'86 C. S. D. H. C. Gross is now employed as draughtsman by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

'86. G. W. Fowler is editing a newspaper in Bismarck, Dakota.

'86. A. P. Richmond has entered the medical school at Portland.

'86 C. S. D. E. J. Edmunds is at present employed in the survey of the Union Pacific Railroad.

'86. F. B. Jackman has gone into business with his father at Lawrence, Mass.

The DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY for October will open with an article by Hon. Mellen Chamberlain.

Harrington the Hatter,

14 School Street,

BOSTON.

BRINE'S SPORTING GOODS.

RUGBY FOOT-BALLS, CANVAS JACKETS,
JERSEYS AND SWEATERS.

The Franklin Expert Racket.

Ayres, Peck & Snyder, Wright & Ditson

TENNIS BALLS.

Tennis Suits to order. Fancy Striped Jerseys. Blazer Caps.
Full stock of Base-Ball Supplies. Tennis and Foot-Ball Shoes.
Orders taken for Fine Custom Shirts, Worsted Gloves, Winter
Ulsters, &c.

J. H. MASON, - - 11 Reed Hall.

*DARTMOUTH
HOTEL STABLE.*

NEW HORSES
AND CARRIAGES.

Good and Reliable Teams at short
notice and Lowest Prices.

McCARTHY & HASKELL,

PROPRIETORS,

HANOVER, N. H.

'88 ÆGIS. '88

Price 75 Cents.

By Mail, 85 Cents.

Address all communications to

A. A. FISHER,

HANOVER, N. H.

DARTMOUTH
BOOK-STORE,
E. P. STORRS,
Proprietor.

(Successor to Hanover Paper Company
and N. A. McClary.)

*A Full Line of Stationery,
Fountain, Stylographic,
and Gold Pens.*

Domestic and Imported Cigars
always on hand.

EMERSON BLOCK,

HANOVER, N. H.

DARTMOUTH LAUNDRY
AND BATH HOUSE,
REAR OF CARTER'S BLOCK.

LAUNDRY WORK OF EVERY
KIND DONE IN A SATIS-
FACTORY MANNER.

All the Improvements of a City
Laundry.

E. O. CARTER,

HANOVER, N. H.

FULL LINE

—OF—

Gentlemen's Fine Furnishings

—AND—

Sporting Goods

ALWAYS TO BE FOUND

—AT—

SAWYER & McCARTHY'S.

CARTER BROTHERS,

—DEALERS IN—

CHOICE CANDIES,

Fruit, Nuts, Cigars, etc.,

MAKE LOWEST PRICES

AND CARRY FINE STOCK.

—
STORE SOUTH OF THE POST-OFFICE.

G. F. COLBY,

Practical

Book-Binder.

MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS,
TOWN AND FAMILY
LIBRARIES,

Rebound in a Neat and Durable Manner
at a Low Price.

—
TONTINE, HANOVER, N. H.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Made and Repaired.

CUTLERY GROUND AND SHARPENED.

UMBRELLAS REPAIRED.

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

JO. BROGGI,

Under Dartmouth Hotel.

N. J. PHILLIPS,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE

—AND—

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS.

Room Furnishings
for Students
at Reasonable Prices.

TONTINE, HANOVER, N. H.

G. H. ADAMS,

Sole Dealer in

Philip Best Brewing Co.'s

Celebrated

Milwaukee Lager Beer.

Beer direct from Milwaukee in Refrigerator Cars.

Opposite Phenix Hotel, Concord, N. H.

IRA B. ALLEN,

Livery Stable.

GOOD TEAMS AT MODERATE PRICES.

Stages to and from all Trains.

DARTMOUTH HOTEL,

J. S. WILLIAMS,

PROPRIETOR.

NEW BOOKS!

AGENCY FOR

French AND German Text-Books,

Newspapers and Magazines,

P. B. SANBORN,

9 REED HALL.

DARTMOUTH
Photograph * Rooms,

NEAR GYMNASIUM,

HANOVER, N. H.

All work guaranteed first-class.

The best assortment of

HANOVER VIEWS

ever made.

Pictures of Dartmouth Faculty
always on hand.

Langill, Photographer.

GEORGE W. RAND,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

Spring Beds, Picture Frames,

Cornice Poles, Drapery Curtains, &c.

Furniture Repaired and Varnished.

All kinds of Job Work connected with
Furniture and Upholstery done at short
notice and in the best manner.

N. A. FROST,
Watches, * Jewelry, * Clocks,

Gold and Fountain Pens,

CUTLERY,

Base-Ball and Tennis Supplies,

And other goods adapted to the
needs of students.

Fine Watches Properly Repaired
and Warranted.

THE
Dartmouth Pharmacy,

Head-quarters for

*Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Razors,
Strops, Pocket Cutlery, Porte-
Monnaies, Combs, Tooth, Nail,
and Hair Brushes, Fruit, and
Pure Candy.*

L. B. DOWNING,

HANOVER, N. H.

Republican Press Association

STEAM

Printing Establishment,

STATESMAN BUILDING,

Corner Main and Depot Streets,

CONCORD, N. H.

EDWARD A. JENKS, MANAGER.

Book and fine Job Printing its great specialty. The office in all its appointments is second to none in New England outside of Boston.

Business communications should be addressed to the

REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION,

CONCORD, N. H.

PHENIX HOTEL.

EDSON J. HILL, Manager.
CONCORD, N. H.

BILLIARD HALL.

NEW ROOMS
NEWLY FURNISHED.

CHOICE CIGARS

AND

TOBACCO.

HENRY W. SANBORN, *Prop'r*,
TONTINE, HANOVER, N. H.

REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION,

Publishers of the

INDEPENDENT STATESMAN,

An eight-page Weekly, \$1.25 a Year in Advance.

CONCORD

DAILY MONITOR,

\$6.00 a Year.





C. W. Woodward & Co.,

* Fine * Tailoring, *

WOODWARD BUILDING, . . . CONCORD, N. H.

STOCK MOST COMPLETE,

MODERATE PRICES,

AND WORKMANSHIP UNEXCELLED.

FOR TEN YEARS

THE DARTMOUTH TAILORS.